

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

VOLUME XIII. NUMBER 50

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAYS, FEBRUARY 12 AND 19, E. M. 305

\$1.00 A YEAR.



A. T. Parker  
High and Ashland East Side.  
has passed away

I have just received a letter from Mrs. Heston, informing me of Mr. Heston's death, at 2:30 p.m. Jan. 27th. She states that he passed away peacefully and without a struggle. He was buried Saturday, his funeral taking place on Sunday the 28th. Mr. Heston had taken the position that no preacher should officiate. He had prepared his own funeral address, which with the reading of Thanatopsis by a friend constituted the whole of the funeral services.

He was born at Wapakoneta, Ohio, and was fifty-nine years of age.

Mr. Heston had been bed-ridden for six months, and was so greatly emaciated, that the undertaker said he had never observed a body so reduced. This was probably due to the supremacy of mind over disease—which exercise, kept life so long in the poor worn-out body. Well, one more bright star in the galaxy of Free-thought has disappeared from view—but to sight only. The immortal part of him still lives, and long, long will it before that bright spark is extinguished.

Heston's place in American Free-thought history is secure. He filled a peculiar and important phase of Free-thought—no niche that has been filled before, and hardly likely to be filled again. There has been no Free-thinker, not even Ingersoll, who has left such a distinctly individual impression upon Liberalism, as Heston. There have been numbers who have closely approached Ingersoll in all his various attainments, and many who have been, and are somewhat like him.

But none have approached Heston, or have been in any way like him, in his special of giving expression to religious inconsistency, deception and folly.

With a few scratches of his pen he would express more than many a profound lecture, and which would leave an impression which lasted much longer in the mind.

As most men are but children of a larger growth, there is no form of instruction better suited to impressing on the object lesson—consequently the practicability and usefulness of the picture—the cartoon. Nature seemed to have endowed Heston with this peculiar talent and directed and impelled him to use it, just as he did. His talent lay not alone in drawing, but chiefly in the creation of his subject, in fine ideal of the meaning of Liberty, free-speech and freethought. Such an artist must have a deep-seated hatred for tyranny. He must be courageous and bold. He must have a sense of humor and of the ridiculous. He must have a strong intellectual grasp of a subject or thought, in order to portray it in lines.

He must be well-informed, and above all honest, enthusiastic and sincere. If you make a close study of his comments on his sketches, and the selection of his subjects, and his reason, argument, wit and irony displayed by him at once perceive that his drawings were the smallest part of his talents.

Heston was indeed, a broad man, a popular genius. He has left behind him a name that will live; and his work will grow in value and appreciation with the years.

The great pity was, that he did not have the health and leisure to pursue the course into which his talents directed him. For long years, he had to battle with poverty and sickness. No doubt this often made him irritable and discouraged, and he suffered from great mental depression. But he loved life, and wished to live and to do, and kept up his interest and his work, as long as he could. Think of being compelled to lay aside such talents to become a driver of a milk-wagon—which was his last occupation.

If it possible that Freethought cannot find intellectual room and employment for such as he?

The story of Heston is one that must strike Free-thinkers with more or less remorse. I will not drag it out. He has been mistreated by some, and neglected by many. The situation has been generally well-known. His only capital, his only means of livelihood, and provision for sickness, was the work that he did, and no matter what weak business contracts

he made, a generous liberal, forgiving nature would have, at least, shared the profit of his talents with Heston, and still have a sum to live on. But Heston hungered no more. His poor body has gone to mingle with the elements, while his soul goes marching on. I have corresponded with him considerably, but never met him. In my opinion, he was both a strong and rare mind. He was gifted with a fine imagination, and was a poet of strength and beauty. He wrote poems that he hoped to live to publish a volume of his poems; but in this, he was disappointed.

I am glad that I was the means of being some help to him, when the shadows of death began to gather dark and threatening around him. I am glad that he died leaping upon the arms of comrades, though late they came to the rescue. I am glad that he died with the thought, that there was still a lingering love and appreciation for him among his co-laborers and friends. I am glad that all connected with him, liberal and traditional, made that appeal, and all alike are grateful to Warren Wolf for calling our attention to Heston's illness and condition. The whole amount contributed was about \$275.00.

Not many of us will miss him personally, because few of us knew him personally. But none of us will miss him intellectually, for his influence still exists. He is still our intellectual comrade, co-worker and friend. Peace his tired spirit, where'er it be. I would like to write a tribute to Heston, commensurate with his deserts; but I cannot now. As one by one the old warriors fall on the field of battle, I am depressed more and more. I feel a sense of loneliness and suffer a loss I can hardly explain. It seems, that those whom I have always known, either personally or by correspondence or reputation or whose writings I have read and enjoyed, should still be one with us.

Although I am just entering the prime of life, and have been writing the work only twelve years, still I feel, that I am growing old in my labors, and with the old, rather than with the young, I take my place, and naturally, the old are closer to me. The bond of sympathy is closer, perhaps, because I know what sacrifices have been, and they know what mine have been. These the young have not yet learned. But, may we all, like Heston, when we come to die, calmly wrap the draperies of our couch about us, and lie down to peaceful dreams.

We extend our sympathies to Mrs. Heston. She has been a most loving, faithful, patient wife, and her loss is our own. If any friends wish to write to her, her address is, Mrs. Lotte Heston, Pollard Block, Carthage, Missouri. J. B. W.

## WOODCOCK

Theological Bird of Long Bill, is on The Religious Menus in Louisville

Woodcock, the Episcopal Bishop, who succeeds to Dudley's balaclava, in Kentucky—Dudley was the man who paid \$7,000 apiece for his dinner plates—is cutting large ice and shines in Louisville.

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#### THE SUN SAYS.

"Have you seen the Blue Grass Blade?"

Angelical Utterances From the City of Angels.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 1, '01.

Editor Blaide.—There are lots of them here of both sexes, all shades of color and character and various phases of belief; some have had a bad fall and are recovering and some never will, although the Almighty is working overtime just now "in our midst."

We are having a divine circus, alias, a "Grand Union Revival," not a three ring, but yea, a seven ring, under the direction of the Christian God, aided and abetted, stirred up and turned over, advertised and heralded in song and stories by the three high priced clowns, Bob Burdette, the Infidel smasher, the theological Magapone and the eloquent Robert McNutre, who recently fractured in testifying to his desire to harmonize religion and evolution. Rev. J. S. Chapman is ringmaster of this trio of pug birds and the crowing of the rooks, the cackling of the hens, the weeping of the widows, the confessions of the criminals, the wails of the lost souls and the lies of the children and imbeciles told for the glory of God, and enough to bring tears to the statue of Stephen M. White.

But God is getting there with both feet: the "profits" of the House of Israel, report a conversion running as high as one thousand a day, which is probably as true as gospel, but no more so. If God continues his wonders to perform, in seventeen days, more the whole of Los Angeles county will be floundering on their prayer bones at the feet of those charity fed chicken gourmandizers, shouting, Glory!!! Glory!!!

Since this holy show has started, it seems that the Devil has also been quietly at work, no brass bands, no holy alliances, no donation funds, no ladies aids, but alone He is visiting there ER and as usual, He is in the front line, leading the way and is leading the Lord thy God by the length.

Our two hundred saloons with their innumerable groceries or drug stores, restaurants, hotels and herds of other sightless porters are doing a thriving business. We have the sportiest race track in America, with its repertoire of rambles, pinups and tin horns. "Massacre parades" are as thick as bat houses in ancient Rome. Our police force has been increased 25 per cent. Hardly a night passes without a holdup or a murder, and day and night burglaries are too numerous to notice.

Prof. Hatfield is up in the mountains producing rain for the valley on scientific principles and according to schedule. Capt. Baldwin sails his airship every pleasant Sabbath over the various haldehuh camps, cuts figure eight, pigeon wings and other artistic dodos for the edification of the curious and the exasperation of the religious. His "flock" consists of a few bay trees or a field of alfalfa in damp land. Freethinkers, Spiritualists, and Socialists are so numerous that it is difficult to secure halls for any other purpose. Tom Paine's birthday was celebrated by two organizations, and both halls were inadequate to hold the crowds. Roosevelt, God and the Christian clergy came in for a full share of mortified respect for their ignoble work in traducing the character of their benefactor. The Dresden edition of Ingerson's works have been placed in the circulating department of the public library.

Summing up the situation, it is difficult to see just where we are "at." The superstitions and weak minded are being highly entertained at their own expense. God's chosen jumping-jacks are occupying the center of the stage, living on the fat of the land and putting away money for a rainy day. Those that pay the bills seem to be satisfied with the invention. Some of the "respectable" gamblers are not answered, but the tinhorns are always on hand and never say anything rash. A public expose of Spiritualism occurs about once a month and the next week, the hall won't hold the faithful, who come to hear the "explanation." Freethought meetings are better attended than ever before and subscribers to Freethought papers are harder to get. Whether we go to praise God, or blame the Devil, I'll have to "fess up. In the meantime the sun rises every day over the San Bernardino mountains, with a smile on his face and says, "Good morning, have you read the Blue Grass Blade?" —WALTER COLLINS.

(From Lexington Leader)  
AUNT CARRIE.

And Rev. Mr. Zachary Separate and Each Will go It Alone.

Word was received Thursday by his

publishers in this city that Evangelist James W. Zachary, manager and financial agent of Mrs. Carrie Nation, has dissolved partnership with the illustrious female saloon smasher and from now on each will go it alone. The letter received from Mr. Zachary was dated at Chickasaw, Indian Territory, and this is the last place they appeared together.

Mr. Zachary left Lexington several weeks ago to join Mrs. Nation in a lecture tour of the West. They appeared in a number of the leading cities of Texas and Oklahoma, and seemed to be making a tremendous "hit" judging from newspapers. What caused the "split" between them is not known here, and friends of the evangelist were somewhat surprised to hear that the unique combination had "busted up."

Evangelist Zachary will continue his campaign in the West and it is presumed that Mrs. Nation will seek other worlds to conquer.

EX NIHILO NIHIL FIT.  
Gainesville, Fla.,  
To C. C. Moore.

Dear sir—if you think the following is worth printing kindly correct and punctuate, and do so—P. M. OLIVER.

Did God awake in darkness,  
Six thousand years ago,  
And look around on nothing  
To see what he could do?

He never had beginning  
Nor birth like you and me,  
But always has existed  
From all eternity?

Now what had he been doing  
Throughout those countless years;  
No priest has ever told us,  
It in no book appears.

Perhaps he had been sleeping,  
With nothing for a bed,  
And nothing for a pillow  
And nothing in his head.

Nothing for companion  
Through all that dreary night,  
And only boundless nothing  
On which to feast his sight.

And when he rose for action,  
Like one around from sleep,  
And with only six day's labor  
(The tale is rather steep),

Took just a pinch of nothing,  
And made this glorious earth,  
And another pinch of nothing  
And the planets had their birth.

Another lump of nothing  
Produced the mighty sun,  
And so he worked at nothing  
Till stars and all were done.

He took a rib from Adam  
With nothing for a knife,  
And mixed it with nothing  
Made him a full grown wife.

He damns his every nation  
Unless we all believe  
The story of creation  
The snake, the fruit and Eve.

He knew the kind of people  
He was working on to make,  
But they all die soon or later  
Because of his mistake.

Answer.  
O Lord, I don't know nothing,  
But one thing I know  
When he took that cooked piece of  
bone.

Raw material considered,  
With nothing, or mistake,  
It was the very best of jobs  
That any God could make.

THINKS IT OUGHT  
TO CONVERT ME.

Emmanuel, Ky., Feb. 6, '05.  
Charles C. Moore.

Dear sir—Enclosed find clipping from Washington Post.

I should think, after that you could not doubt the divinity of that book. I think your blade is better than his.

"Dog Fennel" is as good a work as I ever read. Can you tell me where I can get Haeckel's Riddle of the Universe?" —EMMET JOYNER.

The clipping is as follows:

The Book Saved His Life.  
"Moved by excitement," began General Joe Wheeler in relating one of his stories, "a young man determined to enlist. He accepted a Bible from his mother and as he placed it in his inside pocket promised to read the book every day."

"During one of the important battles this man's entire company was annihilated, but he escaped.

British witnesses were heard before the International Commission on the North Sea case, which resumed its sessions at Paris. The testimony was similar to that given at the inquiries in England.

"Same old story," interjected a veteran—"bullet hit the Bible."

"No," continued the doughty little general, "the book saved his life, but not in the common and accepted way. The soldier was found seated behind a tree, keeping his promise to his mother." —Washington Post.

The Bible saved my life, I suppose, during the war, as many of my neighbors—all "Johnes"—were killed. I staid at home and read it. Peter Eckler & Son, Publishers, New York City, will send you Haeckel.

ANOTHER BIG SKY-BUSTER  
KICKING OUT OF THE TRACES

Cincinnati, Feb. 7, '05.  
Mr. Charles C. Moore.

Enclosed find clipping of great interest, from Cincinnati Enquirer, Harper's Magazine, or the like, a fine article about Haeckel and his picture.

I am, and for years have been, a subscriber to the Blade.—S. C. Reiley.

The clipping is as follows:  
TRUE HISTORY.

Is Not Contained in the Bible, Declarer President Schurman.

Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 5.—Addressing the students of Cornell, today, President Schurman said in part:

"The Christ of the twentieth century differs from the Christ of the nineteenth, and preceding centuries. No longer will educated men go to the Bible as a text book of physical science. It seems strange that men should ever have regarded the Bible as such, but they did a generation ago. Now an educated man who would quote the Bible as an authority on any physical subject would be an object of ridicule in the eyes of all educated men. I do not believe there is any true history in the Bible, simply because the Hebrews never wrote history. I do not attempt to explain the miracles of Jesus Christ, but even to-day we have our Christian Science and Faith cures."

Schurman, the man, the reason you don't tell about the miracles of Jesus, is that you know they were fakes, and you would lose your job if you did.

WAS GOING TO NAME  
THE BABY CHARLEY.

But it was a girl, and They named it Lucy Alma Henry, for me  
Lucy Wilson's Wife and Mrs. Henry's  
Wilson's Wife and Mrs. Henry.

GET YOUR SPOONS LADIES!

Spring Hill, Texas, Jan. 12, 1905.  
Dear Mr. Moore.

Please find with a small amount  
that will at least even us up.

You will be hearing the same sooner,  
but was waiting to name my baby.

All signs indicated to me that the  
baby would be a boy and I intended to  
name him Charley Moore.

But, dang my cats, moon, stars and  
all signs failed and the baby is a girl,  
one fine one too.

I do not know much about naming  
girls and the duty devolved upon my  
wife.

So this evening she brought out the  
old family record, and pointing to the  
last name thereon, said: "This is our  
baby's name, and this is what she had  
written, Lucy Alma Henry. I believe  
my wife was reading the Blade  
I haven't caught her at it, but she is  
very much improved—so much so that  
she thinks kindly of my books and  
papers, and Liberal friends.

Any way the next baby is Charley,  
girl or no girl.—J. E. HERRIN.

ANSWER.

O Lord, I don't know nothing,

But one thing I know

When he took that cooked piece of

bone,

And that man a frow,

Raw material considered,

With nothing, or mistake,

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#### BAPTIZED AT 3 IN A HOLE IN THE ICE.

Rosie Bradley, Partially Paralyzed, is immersed in the Delaware and Survives.

Camden, N. J., Feb. 5.—In an invalid's chair, a woman past eighty years and paralyzed in one side was wheeled out on the ice and baptized in the Delaware River to-day, opposite Camden.

The woman is Rosie Bradley, of No 1340 Decatur street, Philadelphia. She was baptized by Elder Skinner, of the Church of God.

Attended by five elders, who walked on the ice in bare feet, the old woman sang in a feeble, tremulous voice, as she was rolled in her chair to the place of baptism. She was lifted off the chair and lowered through the ice into the river.

Quickly she was replaced in the chair and hurried to the shore, where she was cared for in a cabin. When she was taken home later she showed no ill effect of her ducking.

#### WATSON HESTON

The Infidel Cartoonist Died Peacefully

Carthage, Mo., Feb. 2, 95.  
C. C. Moore.

Dear sir and friend—I have before me the very painful task of writing to Mr. Heston's friends, and telling them of his death.

Mr. Heston died last Friday, Jan. 27, at 2:30 p. m. His last hours were peaceful—went just like he was going to sleep; never struggled a particle. We were afraid he would strangle to death, as he came near doing several times. He was so weak he had not strength enough to cough up the mucus and the phlegm.

It was hard for me to have to give him up, for I lost a lovely companion.

I know he is better off, for he could not have gotten well, and he wanted to die.

Mr. Moore I wish you would send me your paper for six months, and as soon as I can, I will send you the money. Another thing I wish to mention and I hope you will make a note of it in your paper.

Mr. Warren Wolf, of Indian Territory, has written several letters to know how Mr. Heston was, an I would like to add. Last evening some of my letters were returned uncalled for, and I don't know where he is. He has been nice to us during my husband's illness, and I wish to thank him for his kindness, and also to thank Dr. W. H. H. and the rest of the friends—their kind words and the love of his dog, and grand-daddy.

It will be noticed from the texts I have quoted that the New Testament uses the word Infidel as being the opposite of believer (the Christianity) and not as meaning a fellow who leaves his own wife and runs off with some other fellow's wife, or unmarried daughter, which last old Doctor Daniel Webster Groff says is made up of the word Infidel and the word Infidelity.

Stuart is the old spelling for steward, the fellow who waited on the table and carved the beef for Hingshaw's snoozery. George ought to go back to Hindland and go back to the graft of his daddy, or grand-daddy.

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It is no longer the Turks who are massacring the Christians, it is the various sections of the Christians who are murdering each other.

Of course the Turks are more delighted to see the Christians saving themselves, and occasionally they lend their assistance to one or the other rival parties when the fighting does not go far enough to suit them. Strong voices are heard here, however, clamoring for the powers of Europe to interfere and establish order, as the international gendarmerie has proven a sudden failure.

LEW AND BOB

Somebody sent me a marked copy of the Boston Globe containing an account of Lew Wallace—man that

wrote, "Ben Hur"—he called Ben a hero though he was a male—and it says Lew changed his story about Ben when Bob Ingersoll talked to him.

It seems that Lew had not been so courageous there was any God—that is any one that you spell with a big G—until he (Lew, not God, oh, no,) talked to Bob, and after that, Lew was dead sure there was a God, with a large G—not one of Abbott's brand.

If Lew had only told us how he found out there was a shonuff God, and told us what occurred between

I have read long accounts written by those religious lars, describing the horrible beds dead seen among all prominent Infidels, but we never hear anything of that sort in these days.

Old Talmage was the last of the pious lars that tried that old game. He gave an account of the death of an Israel that he said he personally knew about.

He said that the man screamed so loud that he "could be heard a square away," but he did not tell the name or the town or state in which he lived, or where it was.

Henton wrote me a letter, once giving me the very devil, and he made three cartoons of me in the Truth Seeker, but I am for him and his wife, now, all the same.

#### NO INFIDEL, HE SAID

Every Human Being Really Believes  
In God, Declares One Evangelist.

The Rev. Dr. George R. Stuart, who is conducting the revival services at the Independence Avenue Methodist church, said at the Hotel Kuppen, last night that there was no such being as an Infidel.

"There are a good many fellows who pose as Infidels, but they are nothing but Infidels," said the evangelist. "Every so-called Infidel is like a lawyer who pleads his own case. He knows he must either do better or go to hell. He does not want to do either, so he simply pours water, as it were, on the whole proposition."

Dr. Stuart's experience with Infidels is that they are almost as ignorant as he is.

He said that he has almost as much knowledge of the Infidel as he does of the Devil. In fact, he has almost as much knowledge of the Infidel as he does of the Devil.

Mr. Moore I wish you would send me your paper for six months, and as soon as I can, I will send you the money. Another thing I wish to mention and I hope you will make a note of it in your paper.

Mr. Warren Wolf, of Indian Territory, has written several letters to know how Mr. Heston was, and I would like to add. Last evening some of my letters were returned uncalled for, and I don't know where he is. He has been nice to us during my husband's illness, and I wish to thank him for his kindness, and also to thank Dr. W. H. H. and the rest of the friends—their kind words and the love of his dog, and grand-daddy.

It is no longer the Turks who are massacring the Christians, it is the various sections of the Christians who are murdering each other.

Of course the Turks are more delighted to see the Christians saving themselves, and occasionally they lend their assistance to one or the other rival parties when the fighting does not go far enough to suit them. Strong voices are heard here, however, clamoring for the powers of Europe to interfere and establish order, as the international gendarmerie has proven a sudden failure.

LEW AND BOB

Somebody sent me a marked copy of the Boston Globe containing an account of Lew Wallace—man that

wrote, "Ben Hur"—he called Ben a hero though he was a male—and it says Lew changed his story about Ben when Bob Ingersoll talked to him.

It seems that Lew had not been so courageous there was any God—that is any one that you spell with a big G—until he (Lew, not God, oh, no,) talked to Bob, and after that, Lew was dead sure there was a God, with a large G—not one of Abbott's brand.

If Lew had only told us how he found out there was a shonuff God, and told us what occurred between

them when they met it would have made a better book than all that rot he told us about Ben.

Lew can't give a Lexington man any pointers on horse races.

Give Ben Kenny, the Lexington man that drove "Nancy Hanks, old Nancy" to her prime, and one of old Bro. Toomie's skulks, and Ben Kenny would get clear around before Ben Hunk got started.

#### REV. FUNK AND THE GHOSTS.

I have received a marked copy of the New York Herald, containing pictures of Rev. Mrs. May S. Pepper, and Rev. Heber Newton and Prof. James H. Hyslop, and exterior and interior views of the magnificent church in Brooklyn, where the Pepper woman preaches her religion.

She is a common looking fat creature and looks like the "before" part of a beautification advertisement, and looks like she may have about as much sense as a pig that had been raised in a fence.

I know Funk pretty well and he is a nice man—was a boss Prohibition agent but he found there was no money in it, but Funk is a Methodist preacher and with three preachers around that woman you are going to hear something drop, if you just hold your breath and listen.

I didn't read any of them, but Funk—same old job lot of lies.

#### SWARS MIRACLES

#### ANSWERED PRAYER.

Salvation Army Woman Charged With Fraud Explains How She Recovered Her Senes.

Chicago, Feb. 1, '01.—A miracle which was brought about by a prayer was sworn to in court by Miss Inga Hanson, a former member of the Salvation Army, who is on trial here charged with perjury in connection with a personal damage suit brought by her against the Chicago City Railways Company. Under oath to-day she testified that the alleged miracle was in Richmond, Va., and according to the girl's claim was produced by a prayer with an Itinerant Methodist missionary who visited her.

The remarkable explanation came from the lips of the young woman as the answer to a charge that her ailments had been conceived in order to further a \$50,000 conspiracy, had been artificially simulated through five years of litigation, and suddenly ceased. The scene of the alleged visitation was in Richmond, Va., and according to the girl's claim was produced by a prayer with an Itinerant Methodist missionary who visited her.

Stuart is the old spelling for steward, the fellow who waited on the table and carved the beef for Hingshaw's snoozery. George ought to go back to Hindland and go back to the graft of his daddy, or grand-daddy.

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It is the East Texas Country. Home of the Elberta peach, the strawberry, plum, pear, tomato and other fruits and vegetables. Big money in growing for the northern markets.

On February 7th and 21st, March 7th and 21st, round trip home-seekers' tickets from St. Louis, Thebes, Cairo or Memphis to Texas points at rate of one fare plus \$2 not exceeding \$15.

One way colonist tickets at half price, plus \$2 on February 21st and March 21st.

Write for booklet on Texas fruit lands, map and time table.

L. O. SCHAEFER, T. P. A.  
Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati, O.

#### FAMOUS FRUIT LANDS

Of the East Texas Country, the strawberries, the Elberta peach, the strawberry, plum, pear, tomato and other fruits and vegetables. Big money in growing for the northern markets.

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and points in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indiana, Territory, Texas and the Southwest.

Between Kansas City and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and the Southeast.

Between St. Louis and Memphis and points in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the West and Southwest.

Full information as to route and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any representative of the Company, or to

Passenger Traffic Department, Commercial Building, Saint Louis.

#### A Good Route to Try

FRISCO SYSTEM

It traverses a territory rich in undeveloped resources; a territory containing unlimited possibilities for agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, mining and manufacturing. And last, but not least, it is

The Scenic Route for Tourists.

The Frisco System now offers the travel public excellent service and fast time—

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and points in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indiana, Territory, Texas and the Southwest.

Between St. Louis and Memphis and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and the Southeast.

**ATHEIST**

**Fell Dead When the Indiana Preacher Remarked That he Could Not be Saved.**

Winamac, Ind., January 16.—The sudden death last night of Richard Bosy during church services in the Widers Station Chapel has caused a commotion among saints and sinners alike.

Bosy had long been known as an atheist, and was alleged to have used on various occasions that he had no use for churches. However, last night he entered the church to seek shelter from the twisted storm.

Son after another, Rev. James McClelland made an earnest plea for God's mercies, and during the course of his talk said: "There is one unbeliever in this congregation, the one who cannot be saved from death unless he becomes a Christian."

The prophecy of the preacher was soon fulfilled, when Bosy, with an anguished cry of "Oh!" fell back in his seat a corpse.

That a lot of fool Christians have would want to get a lie like that is not surprising, and is no worse than might naturally be expected of them, but why a newspaper of any claim to decency would print a piece of rot of that kind can only be accounted for on the ground that the Enquirer is run by a Catholic and, in the religion, the Catholic is, if possible, even a bigger liar than the Protestant.

Any man of any common sense knows that it is a lie, and yet thousands of Christians, including Protstantists, who know that it is a lie, will patise the Cincinnati Enquirer because it will tell a lie that is to boost Christianity, and without such lying as that the Christian religion could not stand one week.

Even if it had been true it would prove nothing except a coincidence, or, more probable, that some man has been killed by the excitement caused by the insult offered him by a fool preacher, who deserved to be kicked out of the house.

Lies of that kind are continually being printed by Christian newspapers, and I am continually exposing them by challenging anybody to send me any proof of them, and I never get any such proof, and nearly always get evidence that it is a lie, and I make my usual challenge now, and call on any body who may read this to get me information on that subject and I will print it in the Blader.

Common sense would teach that no Atheist would be frightened at anything of that kind that a preacher might say.

If it had been true it would be a matter of sufficient interest to deserve a fuller account than that, or perhaps the report of a coroner's inquest.

Certainly something ought to have been told about Bossy's family, and standing and fortune, and something about what was done with the dead body of the man.

I have been a newspaper reporter and I certainly would have made a more readable story than that out of good a theme as that.

If that is a fair sample of the Enquirer's reporters that paper could afford to pay me \$10,000 a year to come to Cincinnati and run its editorial department. It is bad and immoral for anybody to tell a lie, and do anything but a man is a common fool who tells a lie that only half dozen fools will believe while every body of any sense is disgusted by it.

**"STUFFED CLUB" HAS A BIGGER LIE THAN MUNICHHAUSEN OR REV. WILKINSON.**

In the "Stuffed Club" on pages 225, 63-64, in a letter from J. H. Mead, Wichita, Kans., to the "Club," appears the following form meat:

"In one day, killed, skinned and took the tallow out of 22 buffaloes, myself, using a muzzle loading rifle, and butcher knife, as my only tools, and walked five miles coming and going from camp." Dr. Tilden, editor of the "Club," accepts this story in its entirety and without any doubt, and then Dr. Tilden, himself, volunteers to tell one more for me.

Tilden describes an intense cold and snow on the plains and party of thirteen hunters, who were camped out and were about to starve to death because after having exhausted themselves in trying to find game, the game then having become scarce, they could not find any game in the whole country.

Tilden says that Mr. Mead came up on this camp using this language.

"All the country was shut up to snow, and the weather too cold for hunters to be out, we concluded to be. Our dinner and hunter struck out the next morning on a trackless snow bound country, and was gone about two hours when he rode by the camp of these thirteen hungry hunters, on his way to his own camp and tossed them thirteen buffalo tongues. He said he killed thirteen not because he

wanted to, but to prove there was game in Kansas, for a man who knew how to hunt. Some of these men went to the Tilden camp during the day and asked if they could have some of the buffalo he had killed that morning, and of course were given all they desired."

When Mead did these things he says he was 65 years old and had a splendid baby 19 months old.

I gave Tilden a book, "The Bible," that he had had, but I had not read these two stories then and I want it distinctly understood that I do not endorse any such lies as they are."

Tilden is an infidel and if any preacher had got off any such rot as that all of us Infidels would have jumped on him with both feet.

A funny part about these two lies is that while Tilden is almost fanatically opposed to coffee drinking, old Mead wrote this letter to Tilden telling him that his habit, through life, had been to eat three strong meals of greasy food, every day, and drink a quart of strong coffee with each meal, and that sometimes, when hunting, he had gotten out of coffee, and he would eat a quart of coffee grounds each meal. So that, according to Tilden, if Mead had lived like Tilden advised, Mead would never have eaten and skinned and got the tallow out of less than 150 buffaloes a day, and would have lived 10 years longer than Methuseleb.

I hate to see a man start out to tell a lie and make a mountain of it.

Anybody knows that with 13 of the tallow out of 22 buffaloes he would have died as the devil before they got done eating and yet no mention is made of the one that died.

Baron Munchausen would not have lost that story in such an awkward shape as Tilden did.

Instead of killing 13 buffaloes, the Baron would have made it 14 so as to have even numbers to tie by their tails to his saddle, behind him, and bring them home to the people who needed them, and not compel the people to go out in the blizzard to get them and not leave them there out for wolves and coyotes to eat, to say nothing of cruelty to animals and unnecessary waste of provision in a scarce time.

If old Mead had been a Christian, I would not cuss so much about it, but Mead is evidently an infidel and such a man damages the cause of Infidelity.

We read in the Bible about Samson's exploits as a fox hunter without a pack of hounds, and all of us Infidels say, with a smile, that he was a saint.

I guess that would fetch them from Jesus mighty quick.

I attend the Free Discussion Society, of Baltimore, almost every Sunday afternoon, and the speakers there talk right out and say what they think. The religious rip up the Infidels and the Infidels give them hell on the half-shell. We destroy more religious foundation there than any place in the United States.

Many a one who comes to scoff at the Athiests remains to prey with the band.

This society is 50 years old and I suspect that it has made a thousand Infidels of militant Christians in its time. I was talking to an ex-Catholic there, a few weeks ago, and I never heard a man who could rail so sincerely, and yet Catholics seem to be more interested in him than in him.

We have some slippery Christians to deal with. Once in a while an ex-harlot will drop in and get up and make an impassioned appeal to us to come to Christ and give our hearts to God, and will then pick up her head and rush out before any one can get a crack at her. One Sunday a fellow was telling us about how God answered his prayers, and snatched back his wife and children from the brink of the grave, after the doctor had given them up. When he sat down up popped a man and declared that his wife had died after the Christians had prayed over her two weeks, and he stormed at the Christians and declared that they had lied to him and told him that if he let the medical men alone and depended upon prayers his wife would be restored to health. He was almost like a wild man. We had the hottest discussion upon the efficacy of prayer and the puerility of religious statements that you ever heard of. It was given to take for three hours.

The attendants at the F. D. S. are about 7-10 Infidels.

I am surprised at the number of freethinkers I come across who have never heard of Infidel papers.

I take the Blader and Truth Seeker with me to every meeting.

If we could only place these papers in the hands of all the independent thinkers of the country we could have hundreds of thousands of subscribers. I find that three fourths of the Socialists are Liberals. I have been an Atheist for 25 years but never saw a copy of a freethought paper until Mr. Webster Groh of Hagerstown, Maryland, sent me some Truth Seekers and Blader about four years ago. I was delighted. I had paid my respects to the Christians, in an article in the Sun of Baltimore, and Mr. Groh saw my name attached thereto and sent me the papers.

My father was an Atheist although

**VARIOUS THINGS**

**ABOUT THE BLADE.**  
"Mrs. Alma K. Wilson is Worth Saving and Will be a Star in Your Crown."

Editor Moore—I am glad that you and Mr. Hughes have decided that the Blade is to be continued to be cast before those who do not appreciate it enough to reach into their jeans and yank out the dollar.

You cannot afford to give away the paper, and pay postage on it.

The only business manner in which a paper can be run is to stop the paper at the expiration of the time it is paid for make no exception. If any one is interested in the paper he or she will miss its appearance, and do the thing that will make it come again. All subscribers should be uniform at \$1.00. When you make a reckoning you do injustice to those who pay the full amount. If you can keep 3000 subscribers at \$1.00 each, you can keep afloat.

The higher the value you put on the blade, the higher the receiver will appreciate it. I notice that a number of people are writing to the free-thought papers, and advising them to cut out all matter that does not treat religiousists and their superstition with respect.

Next thing they will want to do is to get off our hats and flap on our knees every time a Christian opens his mouth. Some of them object to slang. Some kick against swear words. I suspect that they want us to run our papers upon the silly plan of the religious papers.

Most of the Infidels that I know are brave fellows who do not give a tinker's dam for religion, and do not hesitate to say so.

I wrote an article a short while ago on an Infidel paper, and in it, I paid my best respects to the Pope.

The article was returned to me, with an admonition to speak respectfully of the Catholic religion and not to ridicule St. Peter's successor, as that only made the Catholics angry, and put them down upon us.

I was told that we must use nice arguments and not shoot them. I suppose we must say to them "Mr. and Mrs. Catholic! I admire your religion very much. It is a very good thing to have, but, for Christ's sake, cut it out."

I guess that would fetch them from Jesus mighty quick.

I attend the Free Discussion Society, of Baltimore, almost every Sunday afternoon, and the speakers there talk right out and say what they think. The religious rip up the Infidels and the Infidels give them hell on the half-shell. We destroy more religious foundation there than any place in the United States.

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The best thing that Tilden and Mead can do is to write letters to the blade and say they told great big lies and made asses of themselves, and then start fresh again as honest, truth loving Infidels.

If they try to lie out of it they will do just like preachers do, and flies on this stick-em-fast" paper—the more they kick the deeper into it they will get.

Now walk up to the trough, Doctor, an drake some of your medicine.

**"DOG FENNEL"**

He says he would not Take \$5.00 for

The first 100 pieces of it.

North Birmingham, Ala., Jan. 11, 1905.

Dear friend—I have just received "Dog Fennel," and read over one hundred pages, upto the present and would not take five dollars for it, if I could not get another one. I enclose clipping, that you may see that this part of the country is infested with roof hitters."—JOHN M. CARLTON.

his father was a Methodist preacher.

His father died without even having seen a copy of an Infidel publication except Voltaire's works. We must get the papers among the people. I have never met with anyone who has heard Colomel Ingersoll lecture that is not a liberal to some degree.

Ingersoll has plowed the field thoroughly and it only needs harrowing to turn it in a tillable condition. His last lecture in Baltimore was in 1896, on the "Foundations of Faith." I went to the Lecture and sat down and turned to look around the house and my neighbor to my left hand exclaimed "Hello, John, I am glad to see you here." I was surprised. It was a cousin of mine—a Charles Frazier—the last person I ever expected to meet at "Bob" Ingersoll's lecture. I was so taken back that I said "What the hell are you doing here?"

He told me he had read Ingersoll's lecture on "Skulls" and that he had shunned his Methodism before he finished it.

He told me that he had traveled miles to hear Ingersoll in several of his lectures. I had not seen Charley for about seven years, and I had known him as a bigoted Methodist, of the shooting brand. He had never been to school in his life and was in his twenty-first year, before he became a Methodist. He had educated himself fairly well, and was studying medicine the last I heard of him.

He had worked at ship caulking from the time he was eleven years old. He is now fifty. Try to pull Mrs. Alma K. Wilson out of the mine of superstition. She is worth saving and will be a feature in your cap—a mean star in your crown—JOHN T. CLARKE.

**DEATH OF AN INFIDEL.**

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 3, 1905.  
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear Sir and Brother—I am sending you, today, a recent clipping from the Atlanta Constitution. You can read between the lines and discover, before conclusion, that the demise is all right.

You will note in that article, that the public makes effort to state that he was not one among us, when the article impeaches the report. In much as our departed brother, before his death, expressed, publicly, sentiments which go to prove that they tried, after his death, to make things different from what he really believed, but had no access to reach the people best acquainted with his case, H. A. STRUPPE.

The account is as follows:

**ODD CHARACTER GOES TO BEYOND.**

M. J. Mabre, Pioneer Citizen, Yields To Death, Aged 79.

The Deceased Led the Life of a Hermit, and Many Strange Things Are Told of Him—No Services Rendered at His Funeral.

M. J. Mabre, who died Monday at the age of 79 years at his residence, 70 Park Avenue, in addition to being one of the most citizens of Atlanta, was one of the queerest characters who resided in this city.

It was his dying request that the ministrations of the church be denied him during his last hours and that his body be interred without a casket. One Sunday a fellow was telling us about how God answered his prayers, and snatched back his wife and children from the brink of the grave, after the doctor had given them up.

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**MAN FROM CONNECTICUT.**

Where They Make Wooden Nutmegs  
And Adulterate Oats With  
Sheeppegs.

Has Got "on the Fence, and Wants  
Me to Tell Him on Which Side It  
Must Go off."

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 15, 65.  
Editor, Blue Grass Blade.

Dear sir—I enclose herewith, a money-order for \$1.00 payment on my subscription for the past year. I also enclose an article, which I wish to have published therein, and would be pleased to have my objections to Atheism answered in your paper.

A. C. FISHER.  
The article with his own heading is as follows:

**THE MAN ON THE FENCE.**

Mr. Editor:

A short time ago, the readers of the blade were invited by you to state their views on the theme, "Why I am an Atheist."

I regret to say that I was one of those who failed to respond. However, I shall not keep silent any longer, but wish to have a few points explained, which keep me on the fence.

In the first place, let us be clearly understood. As I understand it, Atheism means that there is no such thing as a personal or impersonal God as the terms imply, in the Universe; That all the planetary movements, down to the movement of a worm, are not controlled by any outside intelligence, that there is not any intelligence outside of animal and human intelligence.

This is, I believe, the position taken by Atheists. My first question is: Can there exist an intelligent action in the Universe without an intelligence to do it? There are bounds of manifestations of intelligence throughout all nature. Take for instance, the human organism. Here we find manifestations of an intelligence far superior to that of man. Take the structure of the lungs alone, and we find that they are constructed in a wise manner. They are not, as many suppose, two empty sacks, but they are filled with thousands of small tubes, which branch off from the bronchial tubes, like the branches of a tree. This arrangement prevents the spread of disease, when any of the minute cells become attacked. Is this not a wise provision of nature? But this is not all. There is another arrangement at the mouth of these cells, a very fine network which allows the oxygen to pass into the blood, but prevents the blood from passing through, into the lung-cells.

I could take up many pages describing the human structure in detail which is much more wonderful than any un informed, would think. It is simply marvelous.

To this argument, some would say, it is simply a matter of inheritance, that like produces like. This is very true, but let me also ask, Where is the intelligence that forms the child during the process of conception? Surely the mother's intelligence does not do this, for she is often ignorant of anatomy.

The most vital organs, the heart, lungs, blood-vessels, are protected by the ribs, and the delicate brain is fortified almost entirely. There is a reason for this, which is too well known for repetition here. The nerves of taste, smell, sight, hearing and sensation, are all in their proper places, put there by what? Intelligence? If this old earth is so governed in its motions by an intelligent force, then we can thank our lucky stars that it goes dark when the world gets sleep and the rest. Should the days be longer or shorter than they are now? I think not. The inclination of the earth's axis to its orbit gives us the change of seasons. This is well, for it breaks the monotony of the landscape, and makes home dearer to us.

If this grand old world with its great men and women is here merely as a result of chance, we can also feel thankful that we are here, enjoying it. Many of earth's children have little to be thankful for, but mother earth is not accountable for that. Man's selfishness and ignorance are the cause for all the misery in the world.

I believe that man was gradually evolved from the lower forms of life, but what is it that causes the exit of the stomach, (the pyloric gate), to close, when food enters the stomach? And open, when the food is ready to leave the stomach?

It must be the work of one or the other intelligence, or chance.

Nature is a great chemist. She knows just what the infant needs to sustain its little life, and prepares it at the mother's breast. No other food will do. Deny it this food, and you imperil its life. Is this wise provision of nature a result of chance? If so, then ye Atheists can again thank this world for your existence.

I will here state that I do not wish

to set up a God to be worshipped, for there are enough of them already. But as long as my interrogations remain unanswered, to my satisfaction, I shall remain on the fence, admiring that which appears to me as an infinite intelligence.

Some Atheists argue that if there were a God, he is good, why does he destroy thousands of his children by earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes etc. I think this is a question that has little bearing upon the issue, in fact, to me, it seems quite ludicrous, when they themselves must know that these phenomena are the result of natural causes, and people should not live near volcanoes.

They make a mistake when they speak of incidents. Generalities are what should be considered. Others make the objection that if there were a God, why does he permit the innocent girl to be eaten up by a cancer? Another ludicrous question.

It is evident to me that something foreign to her health has entered her system, and this is nature's method of expelling the poison. It is not to be wondered at, Mr. Atheist, when we consider the artificial and unnatural life humanity is living. Many are shut away from the sunlight, the air of all life, and it has been said by some, that meat-eating is largely responsible for cancers. Put the responsibility where it belongs.—A. C. FISHER.

They were invited by Mr. Morris Sacks, about the time I was in the Orient, but it's about twice like Moi can man. A worm's movement is not of the planetary brand.

When I was a boy the scientists—real or quasi—said that there was no intelligence except in human beings—they said animals had instincts, and did not include supernatural beings; real or supposed. This view seemed to be brought about by religion, because animals had intelligence, they would ask, would they not have souls, and what would become of their souls, and what would become of their souls after death.

General Abram Buford, of the Confederate army, from Kentucky, a devout turman, said and wrote that he expected to meet them in heaven.

Gen. Buford was not insane, but he was a typical Kentucky Christian and, in beverages, believed in patronizing the main staple of his own state.

In a later day scientists began to recognize that intelligence in insects are synonymous. Aristotle said that everything in nature, men, animals, trees, stones, etc., had intelligence.

I said that intelligence can only be affirmed of men—especially women—and animals, because intelligence implies the idea of such operation as can only be performed by a brain, or ganglion, or nerve center, or some kind of thinking apparatus, but I think that corresponds with intelligence in man and animals.

I am satisfied that the bee that mathematically constructs the honey comb, the flower called Venus' Fly trap, the corals, and the stone pentagonal pillars in "Giants causeway" in Ireland, and the pentagonal crystals at the Hot Springs in Arkansas, or the spar and gypsum in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, all just as truly as did Michael Angelo, when he wrote the Constitution of the United States.

Shells and rocks and soil also think, but we cannot see it so plainly, if at all, as we do in the others.

Aristotle died some years before I was born, and he could not have been influenced by my opinion on the subject. There is, therefore, no good sense in speaking of "intelligent action," as all action is intelligent. There is no use to multiply the instances of intelligence as we do. None of them is any more wonderful than another and none any more wonderful than the flash of a lightning bug.

Donatite comet is no more wonderful than a sky-rocket. Teddy "the strenuous" is no more wonderful than a flea, and not half so strenuous and devoted to business.

Your suggestion that the seasons are so arranged as to "make our homes dear" is all folder.

The seasons at the poles are quite different from ours in the temperate zones, and they are not there, utterly regardless of our homes.

If war, famine, and pestilence should combine so as to kill every human being on earth the seasons would just go ahead and do business at the old stand like nothing had happened.

This "grand old world" is just as much a grand old blunder and blight, as it is the opposite of these.

Man's Selfishness and Ignorance are not the cause of the lightning striking him, or of a snake biting him, or of an immortal inherited predilection. The word "chance" and the word "ghost" are equally names for things that do not exist.

Your exclamation "ye Atheists," does not mean anything or prove anything—simply wind jamming the preachers. I do not see what your alleged "interrogations" are and might, or might not, be able to answer them if I did.

Who's kicking about your belief on the fence? If it suits you, and me, the other fellow wants to raise a row about it, tell him to go to hell. Some good men have had rides on a rail fence rail.

When you get to talking about volcanoes killing children, you must "shiny on your own side," and not say such things result from natural causes, for that is just what the Atheist claims.

If you think there is a God you must think that it is possibly God that does these things.

That question has all bearing upon the issue. If God should drive poison out of a girl's system by using a cancer to do it, he would be a fool and a friend. If nature put the cancer there then, nothing and nobody are to be blamed for it.

I don't see any thing in what you say to indicate that there is any God, and I don't see why we should believe there is any God until we see some reason to do so.

We have heard drift rappers telling us wonderful stories about spirits that just dead sure know to exist. It don't put me on any fence. If I ever have evidence to believe what they say, I will believe it, but I am not going to lose any sleep trying to believe it simply because they say so.

Same way about a God; when I see argument to believe there is a God I will believe it, whether I want to or not, but I don't propose to believe it simply because some fellow or some book tells me to believe it. Sometimes when I see how strangely this little paper is written—it almost seems to me that there is a God with a big G. backing it and helping me in my work, but I don't go and get on a fence about it. I just say I want to be a good man, and if I do the best I can, and there is any God that's got any sense and fairness, I'll have some wings and golden slippers with the best of them and if there isn't any God of that kind I stand just as a good a show for my white ally as any of them.

P.S.—Many a good writer has got an item from a fool. In fact I don't see what would become of the smart fellow, if it wasn't for the fool—he wouldn't have anything to draw from.

Must be a contrast in everything in life. It looks like evil is necessary, to know what is good.

Well dam it, let's quit thinking about it. I guess it will be all right in the sweet by and by. Now Mr. Hughes I don't want you to publish this. It's a personal letter to you written for the purpose of explaining what the \$1.56 is for. You know it is said that the wisest of men—all a little common, now and then, and from Mr. Moore's writing he is one of them. From the way he writes he is onto more of the funny sayings than any man I ever read after.

I didn't scratch off the "Ky." so that nobody would be surprised at your love of whisky.

Ho! Ho! Ho! lightning slipped a cog, burnt out the motor, paper late, you didn't get yours in time, thought Jim had fired you and you sent your money—wouldn't have sent it under any other circumstances. Cost \$45 to repair, but made some money by making a gang of dead beats pay up.

Let's get that thing straight—2500 delinquents average of four cents for postage on notices, \$100.00—5000 notices at 1 cent each \$50.00—clerk bills for 500 notices \$25.00—loss from wear and tear and swear on Hughes' physical constitution and doctors' bills for repairs to \$50.00—damage to paper, constitution and paying punches for repairs \$50.00.

This does not include slumps and shrinkage on treasures laid up in heaven that could not be expressed in words, nor could I tell you the value of the \$5 \$5 \$5 \$5 string of goose eggs a mile long, but, in actual hard dollars that Jim has earned by disseminating religion through the Blade. The pitiful little drift that you call \$40.00 is actually \$275.00. You get that thing about living until the 10th of March if I live until the 1st of December March will be 66 years old, and I hope I will, for the rest that I have noticed of March, I have lived the rest of my life. So it is an important day with me, and I feel kinder allover about that time. A man in this life is like a fine race horse—long as long as he can keep up his record he is perfect and fed, and rubbed and kept in fine condition; but when his record is lowered he goes to the dray and is worn out and then he is dumped.

Such is this beautiful life we lead.

However, I am fond of this life and cling to it like a drowning man to a straw. I have, I think, a good and happy religion.

It's not orthodox though, and that's why I am knocked out.

I don't have to pay the preacher. My religion is the Irishman's religion, that is, "Trust to hell, stare fate in the face, and your heart will be easy if in the right place."

Enclosed find \$1.56, one dollar to pay me up to July 1905, and 50 cents I owe you to S. J. Kelly. In the club I got up some time ago and 5 cents is to pay you for post office you waited on me. Two cents is not much, but say you have 2000 delinquents and you notify each one that would cost you \$40.

One cent or two doesn't cost much, but to notify 2000 subscribers is quite an amount.

I have not received my Blade for Jan. 22, so trun it loose and let it come. I don't want to skip a cog.

I am for the Blade, first last and always, I am lonesome without it. I am very much given to the "blue devils" as Bobbie Burns calls them—melancholy—and there are but two things that knock them out—they are reading the Blade, and whiskey, and I am very fond of the latter. It has a happy effect upon me. It gives me

a religious turn of mind. It carries me too far on that line. Why, I really love my neighbor better than myself, and you know that won't work in this life.

I reckon Mr. Moore has found that out. In conclusion let me say I want two or Dr. Wilson's Books books. He is a man of large caliber.

Now, Mr. Hughes this is a friendly letter to you and not for publication. It is nothing but foolishness and badly written and awfully spelled.

If I spell a word right it is purely accidental, not our purpose. I just shoot off hand. If I hit the mark, it's all right, and if I miss the whole board it's all the same.

I like Mr. Moore I think him a very great man, and his name will go down in history, but he has a fault that I don't admire—that of criticising a man's spelling and writing. He has a fine education and brains to take it on, but I am one of the few that are against his education. There are lots of people ruined by too much education. I don't believe in giving a \$5 boy a \$15 education—it's the ruination of the boy.

I haven't the calibre to take an education, I reckon I was born a stick-in-the-mud. I am now too old to pull and have concluded to stick. Shakespeare says the world is a stage and we all play our parts.

Some play tragedie and some play comedy and I have played hell. With best wishes for the success of the Blade, and of all its writers and subscribers, I am

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It's a good life we lead, but it's the key to the other place—sub-cellars.

Yes, I used to love my neighbor better than myself too, but, it was when I was a bachelor and my neighbor, about 14 miles off, was a girl that I afterwards got. It worked all right.

I know a preacher—Methodist—is a son-of-a-gun. His name is Tom Gordon, and that's his father's name too, but they don't know how to spell it.

You spelling is pretty well, but you are a drinking man and have bad spells.

Your writing is very fine and your sense excellent, but between your whisky and your profanity the devil is going to get you.

Your letter is good—any letter is good that has as much as one dollar in it.

If your letter had had \$312 in it, it would have been just twice as good as it is.

When you send money in letters you don't have to write so much because the money talks.

Silver dollars talk, because it has a woman on it.

My name is bound to go down in history because they have got my name and picture too, in the rogues

and he is a good man.

Not surprised that it is cold up

# ILLINOIS CENTRAL

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EXCURSION TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT REDUCED RATES TO

**NEW ORLEANS, LA., HAVANA, CUBA,**

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**CITY OF MEXICO, CALIFORNIA,**

AND MANY OTHER POINTS WITH LIBERAL STOP OVERS AND RETURN LIMITS.

Only line running through personally conducted sleepers, Louisville to Texas, Arizona and California.

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## FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company is issuing monthly circulars concerning fruit growing, vegetable gardening, stock raising, dairying, etc., in Kentucky, West Virginia, Mississippi and Louisiana. Every Farmer, or Homesteader, who will forward his name and address to the undersigned, will be mailed free. Circular Nos. 1 to 11 inclusive, and others as they are published from month to month. Call on or address nearest railroad Agent, or address.

## F. W. HARLOW

DIVISION PASSENGER AGENT, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

## GO SOUTHWEST

Like Time and Tide, the Great Southwestawaits no man; but it's a heap easier to get aboard at the instant of starting than to contend with the element of momentum later.

Let us give you the details of this new country's rapid growth, and your chance to grow up with it. Illustrated literature free.

**Rock Island System**  
**RATES SOUTHWEST CUT ALMOST IN TWO**

Dec. 6 & 20, 1904-Jan. 3 & 17, 1905

GEO. H. LEE, G. P. A. Little Rock, Ark.

H. I. McGuire, D. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Chicago, Ill.

where you are, but from what I had heard of the climate "below," I supposed it was about 2500 in the shade down there.

## BOLT HIT THE ALTAR

Cincinnati, Ohio—Dear Mr. Moore if such a thing as this had happened to the building in Rome when the Infidel Congress there was in session thousands of sky-pilots would have referred to it in their sermons.—A. CLARK.

Enclosed clipping is as follows:

Guayaquil, Ecuador. While a procession was entering the Catholic church at Cayambe, near Quito, a thunder storm broke and the altar was struck by lightning, setting fire to the church. A priest and eight other persons were mortally wounded. Two persons were killed by lightning during the same storm.

There is no intimation, as yet, that it was an advertising scheme gotten up by Pinson.

Get onto it some of you Louisvillians, heathens, and write about it.

DR. PINKHAM AGAIN

JUMPS ON REVIVALISTS.

"There was too much singing of 'The Sweet By and By,' and 'Shall We Gather at the River,' too much

appealing to the selfish desire to escape a future hell and enter a future heaven; too much exhortation to save souls for eternity." This present life, deserving friends and neighbors are very good to live with, on the whole."

This is one of the many things that the Rev. Henry W. Phinck, pastor of Bethany Baptist church, says of Dr. Chapman and the revivalists who recently stirred Denver, in the church paper, Bethany, a weekly religious folder, which was issued yesterday.

Where is that Catholic editor in Philadelphia, that got off that lie about the wax figures of old Joe and Mobile and J. C., not melting when that Catholic church burned down?

I don't care when a darn if God don't melt the wax when Catholic churches burn down—beeswax is worth 15 cents a pound—just so he kills the priests that ain't worth 15 cents a dozen.

TO HEAVEN BY THE

APPLE JACK ROUTE.

Rev. Darlow Sarjeant, of Littleton, champion, while at prayers on Tuesday morning (Jan. 10) read the first fourteen verses of the fourteenth chapter of John. On reaching the words "I go to prepare a place for you," he commented thus upon them: "When the place is ready Christ comes for us."

We presume the reverend gentleman's place was read, for Christ came for him in the evening. After tea he went for a walk on the parade, where he had an apoplectic seizure and died shortly afterwards.